

# *Sketch*

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## Lines

Lauri Jensen\*

\*Iowa State University

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steal the rose  
 bright crimson  
 very real  
 the petals fall  
 velvet coins  
 on the pavement  
 i rip them out  
 wishing it was his heart

instead of mine

## Lines

*by Lauri Jensen*

Winding around  
 like hair tangled by morning  
 her voice is the rasp of branches  
 grazing clear locked windows.

I lean forward  
 hear her heart aching  
 she never thought  
 such a little thing  
 like cheating

He was nobody  
 could slash  
 her life  
 faster than scissors  
 cutting her hotel receipts

*He must have been somebody*  
 Who knows?  
 He made her feel  
 desirable,  
 he filled  
 a few voids,  
 a couple nights  
 although he forgot  
 to ask about her day  
 or call back.

The one who did

couldn't stand  
sharing with a stranger  
less bright and committing  
and chubby and bald  
than he.

He couldn't stand  
sharing a bed  
with somebody  
who had Merlot  
on her breath  
smeared pink  
lipstick  
caught in the cracks

around her lips,  
and condoms  
in her purse  
where the kids'  
pictures should be—  
a soccer mom  
playing hardball,

combing tangled lies,  
alone  
in the morning.

## **Rift**

*by Margaret Okere*

Sound of river murmur  
memory of his voice  
music once more from the time  
when stars streamed  
from her fingertips  
in ribbons of night  
and she stepped from her skin  
as if leaving behind  
the bark of a tree.